Per. An Armour, friends; I pray you let me ſee it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giueſt me ſomewhat to repaire my ſelfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With rhis ſtrict charge, euen as he left his life;
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a ſhield
Twixt me and death; and poynted to this Brayſe:
For that it ſaued me, keepe it in like neceſsity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't agayne:
I thanke thee for't, my ſhip-wracke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you, ſir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this coate of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then reſt your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou Turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile ſhew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you, my friend, twas wee that made vp this Garment through the rough ſeames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certayne Vailes: I hope ſir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my ſelfe.

Vpon

Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to ſee him tread;
Only (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of baſes.

2. Wee'le ſure prouide, thou ſhalt haue
My beſt Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, and our Daughter
Heere, in houour of whoſe birth, theſe Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to ſee; and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merrit's leſſe.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it ſelfe:
As Iewels looſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not reſpected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertayne
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preſerue my honour Ile performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. Who is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?

Thai. A